

# Close Encounters with Mysterious 'Men in Black'

*In 1953, American UFO research pioneer Al Bender was visited by three strange men, dressed entirely in black, who transported him to their craft but warned him against making any of their revelations public.*

## Part 1

by Albert K. Bender © 1963

Extracted from his classic book  
*Flying Saucers and the Three Men*  
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**D**iscord first arose at IFSB [International Flying Saucer Bureau] headquarters at a meeting held early in March 1953. We voted to hold what we would term a "World Contact Day", on which we would urge all IFSB members to attempt to send out a telepathic message to visitors from space. If there was anything to the claims of people expounding telepathic methods, and if we did have visitors from space, perhaps such a message might get across, particularly with so many minds concentrating on the same message.

Two IFSB officials thought the idea was ridiculous and voted against it. They thought people would feel we had all lost our minds and that our organisation would be ridiculed as a result. Other officials and I felt differently. The two opposing members turned in their resignations the following evening and withdrew all financial support. But this did not dishearten the remaining members of the executive staff. Two other sources, learning of the matter, offered financial support immediately.

So we decided to go ahead with "Contact Day", or "C-Day", and quickly multigraphed instructions to send around the world by airmail so that all members would get the material in plenty of time before March 15, the day of the experiment. We received letters from many who thought the entire thing crazy and said they would have nothing to do with it.

We do not know who took part and who did not, but I am certain that a great many of our members did so.

The special bulletin was as follows:

### ALL OFFICERS, REPRESENTATIVES AND MEMBERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FLYING SAUCER BUREAU

SPECIAL BULLETIN: March 15, 1953 is C-Day (Contact Day)

On March 15, 1953, all officers, representatives and members are asked to participate in an experiment, something that has not yet been attempted by any other group such as ours. We will attempt to send a message to the occupants of the saucers (if they exist) by the use of mental telepathy. Each member will memorize the message on this form, and on the time designated will close his eyes in a quiet secluded spot, lie down if possible, and repeat this message in his mind (do not repeat vocally). If the saucer people are able to pick up mental telepathy they certainly will be able to pick up a message that will be sent by hundreds of IFSB members. We may never know if this message has reached anyone, but if a sudden flurry of saucer sightings occurs in 1953 or soon after our message, or even a saucer landing, we will know that we may have been indirectly responsible for it.

Members must remember that, in order for mental telepathy to work, you must have nothing on your mind at the time you send the message. You must only think of the person or persons to whom you are sending the message, and repeat it over in your mind. You must not have troubles or worries of any kind in the back of your mind, as this will tend to distract. This experiment is not compulsory to anyone in IFSB; we merely ask you to volunteer your services in trying to make it a success. Everyone participating must do so at the time designated, and not too soon before or after the time shown. We are sending this bulletin far enough in advance so that you may be sure to have your clocks set correctly that day and that the message has been memorized.

## THE MESSAGE

(To Be Memorized)

"Calling occupants of interplanetary craft! Calling occupants of interplanetary craft that have been observing our planet Earth. We of IFSB wish to make contact with you. We are your friends, and would like you to make an appearance here on Earth. Your presence before us will be welcomed with the utmost friendship. We will do all in our power to promote mutual understanding between your people and the people of Earth. Please come in peace and help us in our Earthly problems. Give us some sign that you have received our message. Be responsible for creating a miracle here on our planet to wake up the ignorant ones to reality. Let us hear from you. We are your friends." (End of Message.)

The date, the places, and the times for this message to be sent:

THE DATE: March 15, 1953

PLACES	TIMES
States in the USA using Eastern Std Time	6 pm
States in the USA using Central Std Time	5 pm
States in the USA using Mountain Std Time	4 pm
States in the USA using Pacific Std Time	3 pm
Great Britain	11 pm
France	11 pm
Australia	March 16, 9 am
New Zealand	March 16, 11am
Canada	Same as United States

On March 15, 1953, in my den at Bridgeport at exactly 6.00 pm, I proceeded to take part in the experiment as planned. I put out the lights in my room and then quietly lay down on my bed. After studying the saucers for eleven years, I felt that I would try anything that might help solve the mystery. Saucer investigation had become the biggest part of my life, and I had worked diligently to reach a solution. As soon as I was comfortably situated on the bed, I closed my eyes and began to repeat the message over and over—three times, to be exact.

It was after the third attempt that I felt a terrible, cold chill hit my whole body. Then my head began to ache as if several headaches had saved up their anguish and heaped it upon me at one time. A strange odour reached my nostrils—like that of burning sulphur or badly decomposed eggs. Then I partly lost consciousness as the room around me began to fade away.

Then small blue lights seemed to swim through my brain, and they seemed to blink like the flashing light of an ambulance. I seemed to be floating on a cloud in the middle of space, with a strange feeling of weightlessness controlling my entire anatomy. A throbbing pain developed in my temples and they felt as if they might burst. The parts of my forehead directly over my eyes seemed to be puffed up. I felt cold, very cold, as if I were lying naked on a floating piece of ice in the Antarctic Ocean.

I opened my eyes, and to my amazement I seemed to be floating above my bed but looking down upon it where I imagined I could see my own body lying there! It was as if my soul had left my body and I was hovering above it about three feet in mid-air.

Suddenly I could hear a voice which permeated me but in some way did not seem to be an audible sound. The voice seemed to come from the room in front of me, which remained pitch dark.

"We have been watching you and your activities. Please be advised to discontinue delving into the mysteries of the universe. We will make an appearance if you disobey."

I replied in words, though my lips did not move. "Why aren't you friendly to us, as we do not mean to do any harm to you?"

"We have a special assignment," came the reply, "and must not be disturbed by your people."

As I tried to remonstrate, I was interrupted by another statement. "We are among you and know your every move, so please be advised we are here on your Earth."

With this, the voice faded away, but I could sense that something was watching me. My body seemed to drop suddenly and I once again regained my senses and realised I was on my bed. The room was filled with yellow mist. Not far from my bed was a shadow, resembling that of a man, but as I made a move to rise from the bed it disappeared. The yellow mist was gradually fading and my room was becoming normal.

I rubbed my eyes in bewilderment. I couldn't believe that what I had just experienced had been real. I must have dozed off, and with the telepathic experiment on my mind must have had a terrifying dream as a result. Looking at the clock, I noticed it was five minutes past six, which certainly would have allowed time for me to have slept and dreamed.

As I sat up on the edge of my bed I grew sick at my stomach; I felt as if I had eaten something rotten. Had I really experienced something unearthly? I could hardly force myself to rise from the bed. My head still throbbed and the spots over my eyes retained the same puffed feeling.

After a while I got up from the bed and walked about the room. I heard a humming and noticed that my radio was on. I turned it off, as I realised I had not turned it on when I came into the room. The same thing had happened on previous occasions. I was beginning seriously to feel I might be losing my mind. Again I wondered if I should tell anyone about it.

I sat down and made a diary of everything I could remember of the experience, sealed it in an envelope

and locked it in the desk. I felt that if anything of a serious nature did happen to me, somebody would find the envelope and would know what had happened that day.

After I convinced myself that I had fully recovered from the experience, I was left puzzled by a smell of sulphur which lingered in my room for two days afterward. This smell had accompanied the other experiences and had been the most physical part of them. This time I opened my windows and used room sprays to get rid of the odour, but this did not completely dispel it. When I went to bed I still could smell it in the bed-clothes. This convinced me even more strongly that I was witnessing some very real events and that I would no longer be wise to assume they had been my imagination or dreams.

I felt I should bring some IFSB officers into my room and have them witness the odour, but thought better of it. I did not want to divulge my experiences to anybody, for fear that it might be repeated and I would be thought of as a crackpot or insane. If

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publicity should get in the newspapers, I would become the laughing-stock of Bridgeport, and, worse, I might lose my job. My best friends would advise me to see a psychiatrist and I might even end up in a mental hospital.

I knew that people throughout history have witnessed strange events but were unable to convince others they were telling the truth. Many people are not convinced of these matters until they, themselves, experience them—then they look for believers, only to be met by charges of "fake" and "fraud".

It is a lonely position you occupy when you have looked into the fantastic, and there is nobody to believe you have actually done so. Picture yourself, say, alone on a beach at night, when suddenly out of the sky a flying saucer appears and lands a few feet from you. Strange figures get out and walk toward you. They greet you and then get back into the ship and sail away. You go home and tell others what you have witnessed, but with no proof, other than your reputation for truthfulness, to offer. They laugh and tell you that you should lay off the stuff for a while, that you are seeing much more than the average person—they see only snakes! How could you convince them; how could you win when they are all against you? I felt up against the very same thing after the happenings in my room. I did not know what to do or where to turn.

After some time went by and nothing further happened to me, I decided that I should write up the whole thing in *Space Review*, so I made a notation in the April number that I would make a startling revelation in the July issue. I consulted two of the officers at the meeting and took them into my confidence about everything that had happened. But they were of the opinion that I had invented the story in order to gain more publicity for IFSB, and insisted they didn't want their names dragged into it. They said they felt that the policy of the IFSB was to tell the truth and nothing but; if I went ahead with my plans they would drop out of the organisation, and such an action would make me appear as mentally unbalanced.

From that time onward I had trouble trying to convince them of anything or to get them to do anything for me. One of them further threatened that if I publicised my "nonsensical plot" and he became connected with it, he would have me arrested. So after considering the attitude of these two people I decided against publishing anything about it at that time. When the July issue came out without the scheduled announcement, many members wrote me, asking why it had not appeared and what it was all about.

Secretly I sat down and wrote up the experiences of C-Day, with the intention of mailing it to some official in Washington, DC, possibly the Pentagon, to see if they would help me in my dilemma or if they, too, would share the reactions of our own officers. I locked the report away safely because I wanted to think about it for a few days before mailing it. When I did get up enough courage to mail it, I went to get it and could not find it. The inside of the box where I had locked it contained the now familiar odour of sulphur. I searched the box thoroughly, but the report had vanished.

Had one of the members with whom I argued been able to get into the box and remove the document? I used this as a mental argument because I did not want to believe that its disappearance was a part of the phenomena the paper was written about.

Soon afterward I would have the biggest shock in the chain of frightening events. I will never forget it as long as I live, and to me it is the greatest yet the most fantastic thing ever to happen to anybody on Earth.

It happened the day I returned from a two-week vacation. My room had been locked all the time I had been away, for my stepfather knew how fastidious I was about my room and seldom went into it when I was not around. On that hot July evening I carried my suitcases up to my den and unlocked the door. As I swung it open, an inordinate smell of staleness met my nostrils—intermingled with the sulphur odour. I opened all the windows. Everything seemed to be in place, just as I had left it, but again the radio was on. This time the set was so hot that it is a wonder it had not started a fire while I was away. I knew I hadn't left it on before leaving on vacation. As usual, the dial was set to a portion of the band where no station came in. I shut it off and told my

stepfather about it when I went downstairs. He assured me nobody could have been in my room and that I had simply forgotten it when I left.

I ate a cold snack and decided to go to bed since it was late and I was very tired. I went back to my room, closed the door and latched it. I had a washroom in my den and set about cleaning up before sleeping. After I had brushed my teeth and gone back into the room, I sensed that something was just not right. Then the prickly feeling came at the back of my neck, and my eyes began to water.

Blue lights appeared from nowhere and swirled about the room. I grew dizzy as the areas above my eyes throbbed and again felt puffy. I stumbled to the bed and threw myself upon it. As I did so, I felt my body grow icy cold. I could feel I had quickly come under the complete power of someone or something.

The room seemed to grow dark, yet I could still see. I noted three shadowy figures in the room. They floated about a foot off the floor. My temples throbbed and my body grew light. I had the feeling of being washed clean.

The three figures became clearer. All of them were dressed in black clothes. They looked like clergymen, but wore hats similar to Homburg style. The faces were not clearly discernible, for the hats partly hid and shaded them. Feelings of fear left me, as if some peculiar remedy had made my entire body immune to fright.

The eyes of all three figures suddenly lit up like flashlight bulbs, and all these were focused upon me. They seemed to burn into my very soul as the pains above my eyes became almost unbearable. It was then I sensed that they were conveying a message to me by telepathy. Their message went something like this:

"You have dedicated yourself to the solution of the strange problem of unidentified objects in your atmosphere. Your interest is deep and sincere and you have devoted many hours to it. We also know that such interest and determination might lead to

**"The nearest planet to Earth at one time nurtured a great civilisation which was destroyed by marauders from another system of planets in an orbit beyond ours. They will once again make their appearance in the future when they reach this same spot in their trip about the central body."**

something that could bring you harm. We feel that you are a very good contact for us on your planet of Earth. You are an average person, and we know that what we tell you and show you will not be believed by anyone you might tell.

"You are not a person of great renown on your planet; therefore we have nothing to fear at present. We have a purpose for being here, and we will be here for some time yet. We must not be disturbed in our ultimate goal. As you see us here, we are not in our natural form. We have found it necessary to take on the look of your people while we are here. This is mainly used as a means of returning here without being detected by anyone. We have made numerous contacts with Earth by means of craft from our own base and at present we have craft hidden at a remote spot on your planet. We have found it necessary to go to great extremes at times to frighten off your Earth people, and it has resulted in their deaths. We have also found it necessary to carry off Earth people to use their bodies to disguise our own.

"We wish to keep in touch with you and tell you many things because one day you will write about this, and we are certain that nobody will believe you, but you will be much wiser than anyone else on your planet. You will know what is out there in space, and you will know what the future holds for your mankind. You will see all three of us again, but we shall not reveal our names as they would mean nothing to you. Refer to us as Numbers 1, 2 and 3. We will answer according to number. We will leave with you a small piece of metal similar to your coins. It is to be kept in a secret place of your own. We wish to have you come with us at a time to be announced to you soon."

I was to keep the piece of metal and when I wished to make contact with them I should hold it tightly in my palm and close my eyes, at the same time repeating "Kazik", and turn on my radio. I should contact them in two days, at this same time. As they gave me this information, one of them went to my radio, turned it on and switched the dial. I asked him mentally why he was doing it, and he replied only that it was a method of getting back to their base.

They disappeared, and once again I could feel my body resting on the bed. I was covered by perspiration, though during the experience I had felt so cold. In my hand was the piece of metal: finally I had physical evidence that I was not insane. This cheered me in spite of the shocking circumstances I had just encountered.

The metal was most peculiar. It seemed to shine almost like a light. In weight it was very light, yet very hard. I tried to make a mark on it with a file, without success. With the metal I could make somebody believe me. I put it in my locked box for the night. Already it was 2.00 am, and lying down I went off to sleep, waiting for morning when I could reveal the news to everybody.

When I awakened I thought the experience of the preceding night had been a dream. Then I thought of the metal. I jumped from bed and went to the box. I couldn't find it! I threw all the contents out on the floor, but the metal was not there. Then I wondered, as I had previously, if it had been a dream. I had been very tired; I had gorged myself with a midnight snack and it had given me a nightmare.

I felt disappointed as I thought I would be looked upon as a person of importance if I could only produce the piece of metal to back up my story. Then I thought that the three in black probably

had read my thoughts and taken the metal until they again made contact with me. Perhaps they did not wish me to tell, or to have the metal fall into the hands of the government. This piece of metal could reveal the truth that we were under surveillance by people from space.

I felt sick all day and couldn't eat. I told my stepfather I wasn't feeling well, and that it was probably due to the heat wave we were having. I felt uneasy at work and little things upset me. I was cranky and snapped at people for no reason.

Two days after I'd either had the contact or experienced a dream, I waited in my room to see what would really happen. For the sake of curiosity I went to the box where I had put the metal. When I opened the box it was there, glowing slightly—in the same spot I had placed it two nights before! I reached in and got it, and, as I did, so the thought of showing it to somebody came back into my mind. As I thought of this, the metal began to glow with a deep red colour and got so hot I had to drop it. When it hit the floor it resumed its former appearance. I could see that I was not to use it for any personal glory or gain, so I picked it up again and decided to try to contact the three strange personages who had recently been my uninvited guests.

**"We have a purpose for being here, and we will be here for some time yet. We must not be disturbed in our ultimate goal. As you see us here, we are not in our natural form."**

I held the metal in the palm of my hand, switched on my radio and repeated the word "Kazik" several times. For a few seconds nothing happened. Then again I got the sensation of extreme cold enveloping my body. My temples throbbed like the breast of a bird when you hold it in your hand, and excruciating pain abounded just above my eyes. Again an overwhelming power was taking over my entire person. I immediately went to my bed to lie down: I felt so giddy I

was afraid I would fall.

I had hardly touched the bed when once again I could sense leaving my body, and looking back could see myself lying on the bed as I drifted away from it. Everything went dark and I felt myself floating, as if on a cloud. How much time this floating consumed I do not know, but it seemed like days. My only feeling then was the pain above my eyes. Why I should have this annoying discomfort I did not know, but it must have had something to do with the transformation taking place. I sensed that the living part of my body was being transported to some other place—where, I didn't know. I squeezed the shiny piece of metal tightly in my palm, as if it were my only contact with reality and life. Very well it might have been.

A sudden jolt ended my floating and all movement ceased. The darkness cleared away and I was suddenly surrounded by a brilliant glow, as if the beam of a large searchlight had suddenly hit me in the eyes. As my eyes grew accustomed to the brilliance, I began to make out my surroundings.

I was in a huge, circular room with a glass dome. The walls gave me the impression of stainless steel, but they seemed to give off light, accounting for their unusual glitter. I was seated in a chair made of the same metal, while directly before me I noted a sort of dais where a large tubular object about eight feet in diameter was mounted in the wall. Other similar chairs surrounded me, reminding me of a theatre or lecture room. I looked for a door, but the walls appeared smooth and unbroken all the way around. The ceiling was made of glass or some transparent substance, for I

could see what resembled a night sky with twinkling stars above. My first impression was that of being inside a flying saucer which had landed in some secluded place. The chair was of simple design, modernistic with straight lines. It was made entirely of the shiny metal. It tilted backward slightly so that I had a full view of the area in front of me where the dais was located.

Once again I was thrown into complete darkness. I tried to rise from the chair but found that although I could move my arms and my head I could not raise my body to a standing position. A bluish light began to make itself present on the dais directly behind the tubular object; then, out of nowhere, a wall panel slid open and someone stepped onto the dais. The panel closed, the person walked to the edge of the dais and spoke to me (his lips did not move).

"Welcome to our domain. We now meet under different conditions. You are where no other Earth creature has ever set foot. In this domain you will witness things that will be most astounding to you, things that you did not know of on your planet, things that will make you disbelieve what your very eyes are witnessing."

As he conveyed this message, he seemed to be using words I could speak myself, somewhat as if I were talking to myself—this is the very best way I can describe it. I could understand everything well. I assume this and other communications were carried out by means of telepathy. Whether it was augmented mechanically or electronically, I do not know. He continued to deliver the message.

"Behind me you will see a large circular object, and if you will focus your eyes upon it I will endeavour to tell you something about ourselves and why we are here."

He made a motion with his hand and the large circle immediately came to life, in some ways similar to a television screen.

"The first pictures you will see will show you the part of the universe from which we come. We are far from the reaches of your Earthly telescopes."

With this, he motioned again and a spectacular view appeared. It seemed that the tube had come to life and that I was actually there. It had a fluorescent appearance, yet was in full colour. I could see a group of glowing objects on a dark background that appeared to be blue, yet at times seemed to be a velvety black. I can best describe the picture by comparing it to a "3-D" movie, but this will not do it justice. Added to the stereo effect was a peculiar identity I associated with it—almost as if I were a part of the picture itself! He then continued.

"The view you now have on the tube is our home. It is many, many light years from your small system of planets. We are much older than your system, for we were created long before the Earth or any of the planets revolving about your central body. All of these systems of planets and their central bodies have been formed from a central source so powerful that you could not even approach it by light years, for if you did you would be immediately destroyed. It is a vast, glowing body so immense one cannot calculate its density. It is the creator of all of us, and more families of planets are constantly being formed and thrown off into orbits. Such systems are not always perfect, and some disintegrate after a few years.

"We do not all revolve at the same rate of speed, and eventually some of us overtake others after billions of your years on Earth.

We have overtaken your system many times before, but, of the years that have passed between, you could never begin to conceive. Your planet was not always inhabited, although others in your system have been before yours; but the years have made changes, and many civilisations have died on other bodies in your family of planets, while others are to be yet created.

"Most of the smaller bodies revolving about your planets were at one time parts of the planets themselves, but were thrown clear when the bodies took their ultimate shape and cooled down. The nearest planet to Earth at one time nurtured a great civilisation which was destroyed by marauders from another system of planets in an orbit beyond ours. They will once again make their appearance in the future when they reach this same spot in their trip about the central body. Almost every system of planets that has an orbit about the central body contains some sort of intelligent inhabitants, but not all the same in body structure, being adapted to the various conditions that exist on their particular worlds. Because many of these are far advanced in their ways of life, your planet Earth will constantly be under surveillance by these systems as they overtake you and pass you by. Your planet is yet an infant as far as progress is concerned, and you have far to

go to accomplish what many others in your neighbouring systems have already achieved.

"Your planet has been disproportionately cursed in some matters, which so many do not suffer and which slows your progress. For instance, our planet has but one race and one people. Because of your many races and national groups, there may always be conflict which may result in the complete destruction of your world.

"We have been within reach of your system for a number of years,

but will soon pass beyond the point of no return. So we have found it necessary to accomplish our task speedily.

"We have been taking a valuable chemical from your seas. This substance is vital to our existence, so whenever we come within reach of a planet that contains such sea water we go there and take the material without harming anyone who lives there. We process the sea water to remove this substance. A sticky residue that remains floats back to your planet in the form of long strings. In the past we have been careless and have allowed some of this to fall upon land areas; but we are now more cautious and make certain that it returns to the sea from which it comes. As the sea water is broken down and the vital product extracted, it is shipped immediately to our own planet by a spacecraft capable of speed you could hardly imagine possible."

He then paused in this discourse, and with a motion of his hand changed the picture on the tube. I saw a landmark familiar to every American: the Pentagon in Washington, DC, and the surrounding area.

"You wish to know why I am showing you this view," he continued. "It is only to inform you that we have some of our people stationed in your so-called Pentagon while we are visiting your planet. We have them stationed in numerous places about your planet, to keep us informed of all that is taking place."

The next scene showed a vital spot in the United States, but unidentified as to locale. It was one of our atomic stockpiles. Then, continued changes of scene exhibited similar storage places in the United States and other countries including the Soviet

**"Your planet is yet an infant as far as progress is concerned, and you have far to go to accomplish what many others in your neighbouring systems have already achieved."**

Union. I asked him why he was showing this to me, and he startled me with his blunt answer. I sensed he wished to appear friendly, but his reply led me to doubt.

"With the push of a small button in our space laboratory we can detonate every bomb you have in your stockpiles all over the globe, causing almost total destruction to your planet."

The first thing that came to my mind was the question, "Why would you want to do something so horrible?"

His reply was also blunt and to the point. "Only if we were discovered and your people tried to stop us with whatever means they had at their disposal. But having looked over your planet thoroughly we have nothing to fear in this respect, for nothing you have on Earth could harm us. Our weapons for self-defence against marauders in space are far superior to anything you have."

Then he switched to a horrifying picture that made me shudder. It depicted a hideous monster, more horrifying than any I have ever seen depicted in the work of science fiction or fantasy artists. The monster was alive. As I reacted in repugnance to this scene, I did not see the speaker leave the dais, and started again when I noted his absence.

He then seemed to be speaking from the screen itself, and from the mind of the monster itself. It was as if he had instantly changed himself from the form of a man to a creature which appeared to be similar to that pictured by the West Virginia witnesses who described the Flatwoods monster!

"You view me here on the screen in my normal appearance. I note you find me horrible to look upon, yet the people on our planet do not find me horrible. We looked upon your people as odd when we first saw them evolve. We watched your people develop from small sea creatures into what you are today, but if your planet continues to exist without self-destruction, your people will change in appearance over the billions of years ahead. For your atmosphere will change. It will become thinner. Your supply of oxygen will diminish, and you will find it necessary to exist on whatever type of air mixture you may have at that time. This and other environmental changes will lead to necessary adaptations in body structure. Continued experimentation with radioactive material will undoubtedly have effects upon future generations. This could even lead to loss of reproductive capabilities, which could eventually leave your planet devoid of human life. These things are ahead of you and you must face them and solve these problems if you can. To us, your progress is of academic interest but little more.

"On our planet we have three sexes: female similar in function to yours; male also similar to yours; and the third is neither male nor female. These latter individuals are the exalted ones who become our rulers. They are few, and when they are born there is great celebration. Our females bear eggs which are stored away. We control our population, and these eggs are permitted to be hatched only when the great blackness covers our planet and takes many lives."

The great blackness and many other things would be explained at a later date; but evidently he felt I had witnessed enough at this time, for the screen glowed bluish again and went black.

Once again he stood on the dais in human form. He then went to the sliding wall panel and, as it opened, disappeared behind it. The room suddenly went into complete darkness, and I felt myself

losing consciousness. Then again I had the feeling of being on a cloud and drifting off into space. As I held tightly to the piece of metal, the icy coldness enveloped my body. My temples throbbed and the pain above my eyes returned with frightening, sharp jabs as if needles were being thrust through my skin.

Then all movement seemed to stop and my head cleared. I opened my eyes and found myself lying upon my bed in my own room on Broad Street. I sat up and looked about. Glancing at the clock, I noted only half an hour had elapsed. It didn't seem possible that so much could have taken place in such a short time, but it had—and I really didn't know how far I had travelled.

Of the entire experience, my mind dwelled more greatly on the monster I had seen on the screen—and yet it wasn't really a monster as we would think of the term. We had created pictures of monsters here on Earth, and the many representations we made of such creatures had led us to think of them as hideous, terrifying, supernatural and unearthly. The last is more likely to be correct, but not in the fashion of our thinking. They could be terrible to look upon only because we have made them appear so to everybody; but actually they could possess an intelligence far superior to ours. Such had been the case with the person in the room with the glass dome.

I opened my hand and looked at the piece of metal resting in my palm. How was I to tell anyone? I would be open to so much ridicule that life could become almost unbearable. I had actually been transported to another place—perhaps the inside of a spacecraft, as I had surmised previously. It had been accomplished in the span of half an hour, yet I had learned so much in that length of time, had been exposed to matters no other

person had ever seen or heard before, even in their wildest imaginations.

Many might ask why I, instead of some noted scientist or astronomer, had been the person chosen for such an adventure. The only reason I could summon was that which my visitors had given me—that I was an average person, interested in science and flying saucers, who had devoted much valuable time to the subjects. If I related my experiences it wouldn't mean anything, simply because people wouldn't believe me. Had I been a well-known scholar or statesman, I might possibly be believed. If people did believe, they might become horrified and go into mass panic. This the visitors did not want, for they had a job to do and wanted to go about it without being disturbed. They had not come here to cause trouble; they felt we had enough of our own.

I found myself with an overwhelming desire to relate my fantastic experiences to somebody who would listen to me without questioning my sanity. So I put the metal away in my strongbox and telephoned my closest friend, who was a member of the executive committee.

I asked him to come over right away to discuss something which had happened to me and which I could not talk about over the phone. He didn't seem to be impressed and wouldn't answer yes or no about coming over. He talked hesitantly as if he were building up to some point, then blurted out, "Say, Al, stop having

**"We watched your people develop from small sea creatures into what you are today, but if your planet continues to exist without self-destruction, your people will change in appearance over the billions of years ahead."**

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those pipe dreams so you can get publicity for the IFSB! Do you think people are going to believe such nonsense? Give up the idea of making contact with creatures from another world. If they were going to contact somebody, it wouldn't be you. There are more intelligent people around they would want to meet!"

He hung up as I held on to the phone with a sinking feeling. My best friend had refused to listen to me. How would others react? What a predicament to be in—with nobody to confide in. What had I got myself into?

Suddenly I became conscious of and more afraid of another threat, a mundane terror which eclipsed the more unearthly fears I had gone through and survived. What might happen if my story did get out to the wrong people? I was reaching a kind of numb familiarity with the people from another world, and as I chuckled somewhat ironically to myself I realised that my final downfall might more likely come from a visit by a different kind of men—dressed in uniforms of white, freshly laundered at their home base, the booby-hatch!

I didn't know when I might be contacted again, but I hoped it would be soon! Now for the first time I found that what the aliens had shown me had given me an insatiable curiosity to learn more. It was as if the film had broken during an engrossing movie and I was sitting in the darkness hoping it would resume soon. This curiosity had grown into an incredible longing to see and hear more from them.

I had to make a decision about my further relationships with the IFSB. I decided that my best way of handling the committee would be to tell them only part of the truth. I could tell them I had a visit from certain individuals, whom I could not name, who had warned me against further investigation of UFOs. If I told them they had shown credentials, had revealed much to me as to the secret behind the saucers, and that the saucer mystery was approaching a solution, the committee might tend to be satisfied and even attach an Earthly explanation, in their own minds, to my actions.

I would simply tell them it would not be possible to publish anything, because such was not the proper method, nor was it the proper time for such an action. All infor-

mation was being withheld by orders from what I would simply term "a higher source".

I decided the best possible thing to do would be to discontinue publishing *Space Review* in its present form, for I already knew the secret of the UFOs and no one would believe the story anyhow if it were published. Why go on conducting an investigation of something no longer a mystery?

Money for memberships was pouring into IFSB headquarters. I felt that accepting memberships under the present circumstances was not fair, for these were joining under the charter of the IFSB which stated we would one day find a solution to the mystery and inform all members about it. So this was the main part of the business conducted at the next meeting. As I had hoped, the committee agreed to everything I proposed after I had told them the altered version of the visitations. I asked them to reveal nothing I had said until *Space Review* came out in October. They pledged their silence, but I was to learn within a few days that the pledge was not kept.

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